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The Herald, July 5, 1890

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The Cedarville Herald.

MRS. ROSE E. WINANS, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

CHARGING A REGIMENT.

An Enraged Bull's Mad Attack on General De Trobriand's Troops.

Near New Kent Court House, Va., General De Trobriand's brigade encamped in a field in which was an ill-tempered bull. At first the animal seemed to pay no attention to what was going on, but after the arms had been stacked and the men had scattered in all directions in search of wood and water, he began to be excited by the unusual stir. As he began pawing the ground and bellowing, the dogs of the regiment set up a chorus of barking and immediately started in the direction of the bull. He charged resolutely upon the first five or six of them, and the men hastened from all sides to enjoy the spectacle.

The moment the bull saw that he had enemies more worthy of his notice, he fell upon the nearest. The men, who had no arms except their canteens and tin cups, took to their heels with all haste, and their companions, seeing that the sport was becoming serious, made for the fence, in the midst of cries and laughter, the noise of which came nearer and nearer.

Blinded by rage, worried by the dogs, the bull in a few bounds was at the front of the regiment. The Lieutenant-Colonel was there at that moment, giving orders, when twenty voices at once called to him: "Look out!" He turned his head; the animal was almost upon him, foaming at the mouth, fire in his eyes, with horns lowered.

With one bound the Lieutenant-Colonel jumped to one side, his foot slipped and he fell in a furrow. Happily for him, the brute was under such headway that he could not stop nor even turn before striking our stacks of arms with his lowered head. He knocked over two or three of them, threw himself on the line of the Sixty-second, overturning every thing in his passage, and again turned upon us in the midst of a general rout.

On our right was the Seventh Massachusetts. One of their wagons had stopped near the road, and behind the wagon was chained a fine Newfoundland dog, the pet of the regiment. The courageous dog made frantic efforts to get close, and a general cry went up: "Unchain the dog! Unchain the dog!" The dog was loosed. He bounded across the road and rushed upon the enemy whom no one knew how to fight. A few men, indeed, had seized their guns, but they could not use them for fear of killing some of their comrades. As to playing the role of *pitador* with the bayonet, it was so dangerous that no one was willing to try it.

When the Newfoundland entered the lists every thing was changed. For a moment the dog and the bull stopped in front of each other, while a circle of warriors was formed around them.

Then followed a series of maneuvers for position till all at once the big dog mad a feint, turned sharply back, sprang at the head of the bull, and remained fastened to his ear—a weight of not less than sixty or eighty pounds.

The bull first tried to free himself by tossing the dog into the air. Next he tried to crush him under his feet. But the dog saved himself with great address, and then the bull, mad with pain and rage, began to run at a venture, bellowing fearfully, and carrying the huge dog fastened like a vice to his ear.

At this instant the commissary sergeant of the regiment, a butcher by trade, came up. He armed himself with a hatchet, and one vigorous blow upon the backbone of the bull put an end to the contest.—*Youth's Companion.*

AROUND THE WORLD.

The Cost of Such a Trip and the Route to Be Taken.

An interesting suggestion of the ease and cheapness with which a journey around the globe can be made in a few days is given in a form of imaginary coupon ticket headed, "Around the world in seventy days." It consists of fourteen coupons containing the names of the different lines of transportation and the fares, as follows:

	Fare.
Boston to Chicago.	\$22.50
Chicago to Connecticut.	12.50
Connecticut to Ogdens.	4.00
Ogdens to San Francisco.	35.00
O. & N. P. Co., San Francisco to Yokohama.	24.00
P. & O. S. S. Co., Yokohama to Hong Kong.	50.00
P. & O. S. S. Co., Hong Kong to Brindisi.	335.00
Italian Government railroad, Brindisi to Medane.	34.00
P. L. & M. railroad, Medane to Paris.	16.75
Northern of France railroad, Paris to Calais.	7.20
London, Chatham & Dover railroad, Calais to London (via Dover).	8.00
London & Northwestern railway, London to Liverpool.	7.00
Steamship company, Liverpool to New York.	106.00
Fall River Line, New York to Boston.	4.00

The total cost of the decidedly "round" trip indicated by these tickets is \$571.95, which for a journey of something like 25,000 miles is not excessive. The cost of the ocean travel could be very considerably reduced, as for instance the voyage from Liverpool to New York; the cost of which is stated at \$100, could be made first-class for \$40, and reductions on other portions of the route are possible. We imagine that some of the prominent tourist agencies could give figures for the around-the-world journey considerably more favorable than those.—*Railway Age.*

CAMP-FIRE STORIES.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A Baby Found on the Bloody Battlefield of the Hatchie.

Let me relate to you a touching little incident that will seem a little strange to you. I thought it passing strange, if not wonderful, when I witnessed it. At the battle of the Hatchie, when the conflict was raging fiercest, upon advancing midway between the contending forces, we found—what do you think? Not a masked battery, nor any engine of death, but a sweet little blue-eyed baby. Sweet little thing, as I saw it there, hugging the cold earth—its only bed—the little tear on its cheek. That nature did it weep unalarmed 'mid the awful confusion of that fearful battle, with the missiles of death lying thick about it, and yet unhurt, it seemed a wonderful verification of the Divine declaration, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings will I ordain wisdom." That little child of war as it lay in its miraculous safety, seemed to say to me those words of profound instruction, "My helplessness and innocence appealed to God, and he preserved me in the midst of carnage. If you will make your plaint to Heaven God will preserve your poor bleeding country."

Little child of destiny, born mid the flash of musketry, the thunder of cannon and the clash of arms, I will watch your course through life, if possible, and see what your history may be. Who would suppose that in the wild, fierce battle of the Hatchie, where the field was strewn with the dead, and the shrieks of the wounded rent the heavens with agony, a great army would pause in the thickest of the conflict to save a harmless, helpless child? Yet the brave Fourteenth, that never yet has quailed in battle, did pause, and an officer of the regiment ordered "our little baby" carried to headquarters and tenderly cared for.

I remember of having read some where in Grecian history a story something like the one I have related. A little child was found on the battlefield, and by an infuriated soldier was trampled in the dust. After the battle the victorious General, in an address to his army said: "But for the blood of a little child that mars it, our victory would have been complete." Thank God the blood of no little child marred our victory.

The next day after the battle "our babe" was brought before the Fourteenth, and unanimously adopted "child of the regiment." Three or four days later, strange as it may seem, a poor, heart-sicken mother came searching the battlefield in quest of her child. Imagine, if you can, the wild exclamations of thanksgiving that burst from that poor woman's heart when informed that her child had been rescued, and with a mother's tenderness cared for. I saw the mother receive her child, heard her brief prayer for the soldiers who saved it, and with the blessings of a thousand men following her and hers, she took away "our little baby"—little blue-eyed, laughing baby. Extract from a Letter from a Private Soldier in the Fourteenth Illinois, in *American Tribune*.

AN HEROIC SERGEANT.

He Deliberately Risks His Life to Give Aid to the Wounded and Dying.

At the close of the first bloody day of the battle of Fredericksburg (December 13, 1862), hundreds of the Union wounded were left lying on the ground and the road ascending Marye's Heights, victims who fell in Sykes' desperate charges on Kershaw's entrenched brigade.

All night and the most of the next day the open space was swept by artillery shot from both the opposing lines, and no one could venture to the sufferers' relief. All that time their agonizing cries went up for "Water, water," but there was no one to help them, and the roar of the guns mocked their distress.

Many who heard the poor soldiers' piteous appeals, felt the pangs of human compassion, but stifled them under dread necessity. But at length one brave fellow behind the steam rampart gave way to his sympathy and rose superior to the roar of life. He was a sergeant in a South Carolina regiment, and his name was Richard Kirkland. In the afternoon he hurried to General Kershaw's headquarters, and, finding the commanding officer, said to him excitedly: "General, I can't stand this any longer."

"What's the matter, sergeant?" asked the General.

"Those poor souls out there have been praying and crying all night and all day, and it's more than I can bear. I ask your permission to go and give them water."

"But do you know," said the General, admiring the soldier's noble spirit, "do you know that as soon as you show yourself to the enemy you will be shot?"

"Yes, sir, I know it; but to carry a little comfort to those poor fellows dying, I'm willing to run the risk. If you say I may, I'll try it."

The General hesitated a moment, but finally said, with emotion: "Kirkland, it's sending you to your death; but I can oppose nothing to such a motive as yours. For the sake of it I hope God will protect you. Go."

Furnished with a supply of water, the brave sergeant immediately stepped over the wall and applied himself to his work of mercy. Wandering eyes looked on, as he knelt by the nearest sufferer and, tenderly raising his head, held the cooling cup to his parched lips. Before

his first service of love was finished every one in the Union lines understood the mission of the noble soldier in gray, and not a man fired a shot.

He staid there on that terrible field an hour and a half, giving drink to the thirsty and dying, straightening their cramped and mangled limbs, pillowing their heads on their knapsacks, and spreading their army coats and blankets over them, as a mother would cover her child, and all the while he was so engaged, until his gentle ministry was finished, the fusillade of death was hushed. Hatred forbore its rage in a tribute to the deed of pity.—*Westminster Teacher.*

UP IN THE BELFRY.

One Lone Michigan Soldier Guarding a Union Flag at Petersburg.

It will be remembered that Petersburg and the strong works which made it the key to the rebel capital were evacuated on the night of Sunday, April 2. Less than two miles away, at Meade Station, on "Grant's Military Railroad," was the famous "rustic chapel" of the United States Christian Commission, used that evening as a hospital and filled with soldiers from the battlefields. It was long after midnight before we rested from our varied service of providing refreshment for the wounded, saying words of comfort to dying men, and writing out in our tent their last messages to the friends at home they would never see. Between two and three o'clock we were aroused by the blowing of the rebel rams on the James, and saw from the hill near by the fierce shells of the Ninth Corps' artillery fiercely flying into the doomed city. At four o'clock we were there again, and heard at our front the exultant shouts of "the boys" and the significant strains of Yankee Doodle.

A little later we—"Carlton," the war-correspondent and war-writer, was one of us—were "following the flag" over rebel abatis and through deserted magazines to the evacuated city. Not one Confederate soldier was left, and only one wearing the blue, who seemed to have been separated from his command and to be in a dazed condition, exclaiming: "We've got into Petersburg, and got the flag up on the meeting-house!" The flag proved to be on the venerable court-house, which we found filled with Union officers and soldiers. Clambering up a rude ladder of cloths on the wall, I reached the attic and groped through it to the belfry. In it was one lone Michigan soldier, proudly guarding the dear-old flag he had hoisted there hours before—a matter of history which he had recorded with his name [W. T. Wixey, now of St. Louis, Mo.] on the belfry blinds. There I left him, boiling over with enthusiasm, and I should be unable to say that he was not there still had I not, ten years afterwards, climbed up the same steps and found the belfry unguarded and the patriotic inscription gone.—*C. C. Carpenter, in Century.*

Sherman Was on a Mule.

Judge Joseph Cox tells a Cincinnati paper that General Sherman said to him once: "Cox, a mule is the easiest animal to ride in the world. I always preferred to ride one during the war. In a picture representing the burning of Atlanta the artist has me seated on a fiery steed, with fire in his eyes, etc., while the houses are burning and the soldiers are tearing up the railroad iron. Well, I was there; but I was not on a prancing horse, but I was straddling a plain, common, every-day mule."

ON THE SKIRMISH LINE.

There are 32 National cemeteries in the United States.

GENERAL JOHN M. CONSE, the hero of Albatona, is a resident of Boston, Mass.

The sum of \$10,000 is to be raised to boom Topeka, Kas., for the National encampment in 1892.

The old veterans in the Minnesota Soldiers' Home were presented with bouquets on Memorial Day.

The National headquarters of the Ladies of the Grand Army are now located at Topeka, Kas. Mrs. Frances N. Wood is National President.

Mrs. Crook, widow of General Crook, has presented to Crook Post, U. S. A. R., of Oakland, Md., a large and handsomely framed portrait of her husband.

EMIL WILLIS, ninety years old, formerly a member of the Seventh Illinois Cavalry, was recently mustered into Morton Post, No. 1, Terre Haute, Ind.

The Attorney-General of Michigan has made a constitution of the State bounty law which will give \$100 each to about 1,500 veterans, who enlisted in the Michigan regiments, after February 5, 1864.

A CITIZEN of Charleston, W. Va., has long been bothered with a smoky chimney, and the other day he got a mason to investigate. In the flue was found a tin box containing \$5,000 in cash, which some one had hid away during the war and never returned to get it.

GOVERNOR FERRY, of Washington, has appointed Will L. Virecher, editor of Fairhaven Herald, Assistant Commissary-General on the Governor's staff, with the rank of Colonel. The editor thus comments: "There are those who think there is something suggestive in this, but the Governor is not so uncharitable as those who would judge one's habits by the hue of his nose. Moreover, Napoleon always chose for his Marshals men with large noses, and if this held well in this country the Herald editor would be General of the army."

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

THE WISE WOMAN.

The Part That Woman Should Perform in Building the Households of Church and State.

A saying of holy writ will provide me with a text. It is this: "A wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish pull-eth it down with her hands." It will hardly be needful, said Julia Ward Howe, at the annual meeting of the New England Suffrage Association, to dwell upon the truth of this saying in its more familiar application. All of us who have lived, and learned by living, have seen houses built by women; indeed, no house is built up without a woman's powerful help. It is not always that of a wife and mother; that is the best and most complete, but sometimes another supplies the woman's part in the domestic economy, looking out for every need, supplying every want. Sometimes the very memory and spirit of a woman, herself no longer present in the body, helps to rule and order the household. She built her house, and it remains a tower of strength and comfort to those who follow her. It is painful to dwell upon the opposite picture; that of the foolish woman who sacrifices the household peace to the wild impulses or savage slothfulness of a mind unformed and a heart unenlightened. The lessons drawn from these statements are twofold. I should like to consider very briefly the social ways of thinking, which help the women to be wise or foolish, and then to consider the part that women should have in building our religious household, the church, and our civic household, the State; and I would say a word of the importance of vision, of a far-reaching outlook into the consequences of woman's actions. If the foolish woman could see before her, even as far as the outcome of things in her personal earthly life, she would not pursue the line of conduct which pulls down her house, instead of building it up. The greatest of modern philosophers says that man can't reach his full moral development without the idea of immortality; that is, without the farthest and widest outlook of which the human mind is capable. This doctrine applies in another way to the moral attainments possible to women. They, too, need the wide outlook, the horizon of good and of evil carried to its utmost limits. Woman can not attain their noblest stature without the stimulus before them of the noblest duties, of the final goal of their endeavors. Now wifehood and motherhood, sacred as they are, do not in themselves of necessity afford this outlook. Both may be very self-limited and limiting relations. A woman will naturally love her husband and child as herself, as, indeed, she should. But this merely personal relation promises no onward step in the way of woman's progress, no training of individuals for intelligent service to the State. Another generation of men and women, arriving at this point and getting no farther, become morally fossilized, and are, to all intents and purposes, in a state of arrested civilization. Now, the human soul craves to achieve more than this; and much of the wild and passion of society comes from the pent-up force of human desire, for which no fitting outlet is found. Under free institutions, such an object is supplied. Every man has not only a passive, but also an active, duty toward the State. It is his part not only to endure the laws, but aid in enforcing them. The cry of society to him is perpetually "Come up higher; and that he responds to it any one knows who has observed men under the old order and under the new; and this is the fundamental necessity which compels humanitarians to ignore the evils of popular government, its capacity, its corruption. We must have it, because the man must have his outlook. He must see before him the whole moral possibility to which his nature is entitled. He can not rise worthily without aspiration; he can not aspire to what he can not see. It would seem almost superfluous to say that the woman of to-day needs this as much as the man does. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," reads the woman, "Let us dress and dance, for to-morrow we marry—or grow old unmarried." Thank God, the higher education sets aside this miserable statute of limitations. Its exhortation is, "Let us study and attain," for to-morrow we "vote." Plato's dream of justice is a divine truth, and, like every divine idea, is to be realized. Women are to be trained for public sentiment, public duty, even in the sacred retirement of private life. She who has no gift of eloquence, but has a mind, and can study the public interest, has a will, and can help to promote it. She can walk with her brothers in the noble ranks of citizenship; she can exercise a power which none can wrest from her. What is this power? The ballot. She has it not at this moment, but she has it in the moral vista before her. The enlargement which this already gives, nerves her limbs, stimulates her brain. The wise woman buildeth her house. Gentlemen, give her a chance to build it beside you and with you. The fate of ancient Troy, and of many another city, shows us what the foolish woman can do—the woman who is satisfied with her beauty and her fascination—and its direful consequences to herself and others. But Pallas Athena was the tutelary deity of her city—she dropped her vote at the urn of the Areopagus. She and the noble sisterhood who, since her time, have often intervened to save the State from destruction—these are the feminine ideals

of to-day; the women who build the family, the church, the State, with men, and as worthily as they.

THE LABOR STANDPOINT.

The Ballot as a Means of Securing to the Working Woman Her Rights.

The granting of suffrage to women has always seemed to me, says James W. Clarke, in the Boston Globe, to be a matter of essential justice and right. As soon as I became of age, I became a woman suffragist. I should have done that in any case, out of respect to my mother. Since then I have acquired five additional reasons for being a suffragist, in a wife and four daughters. I am a woman suffragist from the labor standpoint. Our girls ought to have the same chance in the world, the same equality in work and wages, that our boys have. When one man happens to have four daughters in his house, and his neighbor happens to have four sons, neither the law of Massachusetts nor of the United States has any right to discriminate against the man who has four daughters in favor of the man who has four sons; and that is exactly what it is now doing. The ballot is a protection. I was reading last night Chas. Sumner's speech in the U. S. Senate in defense of the franchise of the freedmen. His great argument was that the ballot was a protection. He put this one thought in a great many forms; that with the ballot in his hands, all other rights would follow, but without the ballot all other rights were of no avail. "The ballot," said Mr. Sumner, "is like charity—it covers all things." That is as true for white women as for black men. Give women the ballot, and they can get every thing else that they ought to have for themselves. But to-day who cares for a woman's rights or wrongs, her wishes or her objections? Mrs. Livermore has very effectively shown us what sort of Legislature we have under the male monopoly of suffrage. I was thinking, while listening to her, how quickly the Massachusetts Legislature woke up when it was proposed to muzzle the dogs all the year round. Why was that? Because it was found that there were 800 licensed dogs in Boston alone, and every one of the 800 was represented by a ballot on election day. The votes of 800 dog-owners and their friends meant for the dog just what Sumner said it would mean for the negro—protection. They were not muzzled, in deference to those votes. But within a few days a bill vastly more important to our working-women—the bill giving to them and to children the ten-hour day already given to men—was kicked on one side by the same Legislature, with far less time and attention than was given to the 800 dogs and their muzzles. This will always be so until women have votes. As soon as it is known that they can make and unmake Representatives, Senators, Governors and Congressmen, they will be sought after just as every man who votes is sought after to-day, and laws will be passed to satisfy their demands and remedy their grievances.

I will say this for the press, to which I belong; that, in Boston, at least, the press has given women a fair and equal chance in advance of the law. The time is near when the number of women engaged in newspaper work, especially in the higher walks of journalism, will be large, and as largely paid, as of men. When that state of things comes about, it can not be long before the ballot follows for Wendell Phillips said, many years ago, and it is just as true to-day, that the government of this country is government by newspapers; and when women are found to be actually in possession of their half share of the newspaper government, it will be impossible to deny them their rightful half share of power at the ballot-box.

FOR WOMAN READERS.

Thirty young girls in Cliefeyenne have been enrolled as Wyoming State Guards and are drilling in uniform.

In North Dakota school suffrage is conferred upon women, and Hon. John Miller, a friend of woman suffrage, is elected Governor. Constitutional prohibition is probably adopted.

When the women strike for eight hours' work, eight hours' recreation, and eight hours' sleep, some of the strong-armed males will be obliged to cook their own suppers.—*Cape Ann Advertiser.*

A QUEEN ISABELLA Association has been incorporated in Illinois. The object of the association is to erect a statue of Queen Isabella I. at the world's fair, 1892, and "to further promote the interests of women in said fair."

Write the educator and privilege that have come to American girls of to-day, there is scarcely a large enterprise of any kind that has not in it as an active force some bright, clear-minded young woman, who acts as a magnetic wheel that attracts and compels constant progress.

Women are adapted to certain kinds of business by the very traits that make them different from men. They are more elastic of temperament, more hopeful, more patient, readier with a new expedient when the old one fails, not so stubborn in taking a "back track," and more cheerful under defeat.

In Finland the idea of woman's right to all sorts of work has already begun to force its way down to the lower classes. A peasant woman has thoroughly studied the carpenter's trade. She has now set up in Wilburg, and opened a carpenter shop. Her only assistant is her brother. He knows and does only the heavier and harder parts of the work.

FAMILY CARE.

Little Mabel Speaks.

"I am quite as many as you are, and I have to sign that I am more than up-to-date on the subject of the family."

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women who build the arch, the State, with many as they.

FOR STANDPOINT.

A Means of Securing to Woman Her Right. I am of suffrage to women. I am of Boston, Globe, to be a just justice and right. I am of age, I became a list. I should have done so, out of respect to my then I have acquired reasons for being a list and four daughters. I am a list from the labor stand-ought to have the same world, the same equally ages, that our boys have. It happens to have four sons, and his neighbor ve four sons, neither the husette nor of the United right to discrimination. I am a list who has four sons, what it is now doing, protection. I was a list of Chas. Sumner's speech in defense of the of the freedmen. It was that the ballot was He put this one thought, any form; that with the hands, all other right but without the ballot of no avail. "The I Mr. Sumner, "I covers all things, true for white women can. Give women the can get every thing else to have for themselves, ho cares for a woman's her wishes or her Livemore has very an us what sort of Legisla under the male monopoly was thinking, while the how quickly the Mass. legislature woke up when o muzzle the dogs all why was that? Because there were 800 license alone, and every one presented by a ballot the votes of 800 dog-ends meant for the doger said it would mean-protection. They was deference to those vote wdays a bill vastly more working-women-then and to children the ready given to men-was ide by the same logic less time and attention to the 800 dogs and their will always be so unwill. As soon as it is y can make and unwill. Senators. Governor, they will be a very man who votes a day, and laws will ty their demands and evances.

for the press, to which in Boston at least, the women a fair and equal ce of the law. The three a number of women su-er work, especially in of journalism, will be arguely paid, as of men of things comes about before the ballot box. Phillips said, may it is just as true to-day, ment of this country tea newspapers; and when d to be actually in per-half share of the next, it will be impossible her rightful half share ballot-box.

MAN READERS.

girls in Cheyenne have Wyoming State Guard in uniform. A school suffrage to women, and Hon. John I of woman suffrage, or. Constitutional pre-ably adopted. Women strike for eight ight hours' recreation, sleep, some of the ales will be obliged to uppers.—Cape Ann Ad-

Bella Association based in Illinois. The ob-ation is to erect a statue I. at the world's fair, ther promote the inter-said fair.

uation and privileged American girls of re-ally a large enterprise, not in it as an er-bright, clear-minded, ho-acts as a magnet, acts and compels con-upted to certain kind of very traits that make from men. They are uperment, more hope-ly, reader with a now the old one fails, not a "back track," and nder defeat. Idea of woman's right k has already begun n to the lower class. Has thoroughly studied ade. She has now ad opened a carpenter's assistant is her brother's only the heavier and is work.

FAMILY CARES.

Little Mabel Speaks. My cares are quite as many as The flowers on my gown. And oft I have to sigh that things Are more than upside-down. Whenever I attempt to knit, Belinda's airy saque, I learn that Bertha's playing on The parlor railroad track. New Alice, who's a precious pet, Blue-eyed and sweetly fair, With roses on her chin cheeks And sunbeams in her hair—God gracious, she is in the rain, Upon the kitchen stoop, And just as like as not to-night She'll suffer with the group. And then I have a cunning Jap, In brodered gown and shoon, With half-closed, dreamy, laughing eyes, And face just like the moon; And now, to chatter my repose And give my nerves a shock, He's clambered to the mantel-piece And perched upon the clock. When Arabel is bright and clean— The precious little bud— And Lucretia in the yard— A soaking in the mud. And when Maude's hat, is shining new In ribbon and in rose, From Arabella's button shoes Peep out ten tiny toes. That's why my life is full of care, That should be bright and gay, I have so much to worry o'er, I haven't time to play. But if I had a dozen dolls, Like Evelyn Harbord, I can't tell you what in the Wide world I'd ever do. —Harper's Bazar.

HETTY'S STORIES.

"Love Under the Lindens" Be-comes a Reality.

"Father," said Hetty Plummer, "I wish you would let me go into the factory." "Into the factory?" said Mr. Plummer, dropping his pen into the middle page of his account-book, and staring up with eyes of round surprise. "Nonsense, child, nonsense! What do you want to go into a factory for?" The rosy sunset was gliding the ancient root-tree of Laurel Farm; the merry babble of the brook in the ravine sounded preternaturally loud in the stillness, and the grand blackbird, who always came to the milk-room window to receive his vesper meal from Hetty's own plump fingers, was swinging idly to and fro on the branch of the apple-tree, uttering a flute-like note now and then. Mr. Plummer sat by the kitchen table, grim, bald-headed, worn to skeleton by hard work. Hetty stood at the opposite easement, picking over, for black cherries for the tea-table, a dimpled, fair-faced, girl, with solemn blue eyes and brown hair curled in a knot at the back of her head. "I should like a little money of my own," said Hetty, timidly. "Don't I give you a dollar a week, as the city boarders stay?" do- Mr. Plummer. "Yes, but you put it all into the savings' bank," complained poor Hetty, "and I never have a penny of my own to spend." "All you need, all you need!" said the farmer, authoritatively, and he went on with those endless accounts, until poor Hetty felt as if all the world must be represented by numbers. Mr. Plummer owned the farm, Aunt Jemima managed the household, and Hetty was at every one's beck and call. The city boarders, to be sure, made a pleasant change in her monotonous life, but then she was afraid of them, of all except Hugh Allaire, who helped her with the sick chickens, picked blackberries with her of the dewy August mornings, and told her how to manage her camellias, pinks and drooping begonia plants. He had come down to Laurel Farm in charge of an invalid cousin, and Hetty soon began to miss him during his occasional absences, and to rejoice at his returning, in a degree which was by no means accounted for by the chickens and the pinks. And, truly, Hugh Allaire was a frank, honest young fellow, who would fully justify any girl's partiality. Poor Hetty! She felt that she was slightly dressed, and many a time she had stopped behind the lilac hedges to succor the contrast, as the gayly-strewn city damels flattered by, in search of ferns, or upon botanical expeditions into the cool woods. "And yet," said Hetty to herself, "I should be as good-looking as any of them, if only I had their silks and ribbons and lace trills!" And when Farmer Plummer absolutely vetoed the factory question, Hetty's weary mind turned in other directions. "Miss Edgett teaches in a Fifth avenue school," she pondered, as mentally the summer boarders passed in review before her. "They pay her liberally, people say. But I couldn't teach. I am not wise enough for that. Mrs. Arlsey is an artist, and paints miniatures on ivory for fifty dollars each. I won't paint. Miss Follott writes for the Boston magazines. I wonder if I could write for the papers?" But Aunt Jemima threw cold water on this scheme. "Stuff and nonsense!" said Aunt Jemima, who was cutting up pigeons for a pie. "You'd be born with a talent for that sort of thing."

"But how do I know that I wasn't born with it?" queried Hetty, persistently. "Guess you'd have found it out before this," said Aunt Jemima, pecking at her crust-lined pan with the tender and wings of pigeons and raining a liberal shower of salt and pepper over the layer thereby formed. And thus repulsed, Hetty carried her query to Miss Follott herself. Mary Follott, who made laborious translations for very little remuneration, smiled sadly on the young aspirant. "You might try," said she. "The field is open to all. I would not willingly discourage any one, although my own experience has been trying." So Hetty sat down, and wrote a little story—a story of country fields and sweet-smelling woods, with such simple element of love as her girlish experience had taught her; and she read it to Hugh Allaire. "Do you think the Weekly Leader will publish it?" said she. "Of course it will," said Hugh. And so she sent it in. And, encouraged by Mr. Allaire's cordial interest, she told him all her hopes and fears, with innocent openness. "Hetty," said he, "it's all nonsense, your not looking as well as those puffed and painted city girls. You are a rose in a garden of poppies; a diamond in a heap of glass stones. You are prettier, at this moment, than any girl in the lot of 'em."

But Hetty laughed and shook her head. "I know better than that," said she. "But if once 'Love Under the Lindens' is accepted, I'll have a new bonnet of white, split straw, and real French roses in it. And then you shall see!"

In a week or so, a check for a liberal sum arrived, drawn to "Hester Plummer."

"There!" cried triumphant Hetty. "It must be a good story or it would not be accepted."

"Of course," said Hugh, nodding his head. "Didn't I tell you so?" So Hetty wrote a second story and sent it, and this, also, was liberally paid for. Miss Follott was a little surprised at the brilliant success of this entirely inexperienced debutante. Mr. Plummer stared. Aunt Jemima wished she had thought of writing for the papers before her knuckles had grown too stiff to hold a pen.

But the venerable couple were still more astonished, one day, when Hugh Allaire asked pretty Hetty to marry him.

"Me?" cried Hetty, turning pink and white. "Are you quite sure you don't mean one of the city girls?"

"Yes, quite," said Hugh. And he seemed so certain about it that Hetty questioned the matter no further, and confessed that she did like him "just a little, you know!"

The next day Miss Follott's sister arrived from New York to spend a few days in the country. Hetty herself conducted her to her room and showed her the delicious view across the mountain crags.

"So you've got the young editor here," said Miss Georgina Follott. "What editor?" said Hetty. "Of the Weekly Leader, you know," said Miss Georgina.

"No," said Hetty, her heart beginning to thump nervously at the mere idea. "But you have, though," nodded the new-comer. "I saw him smoking a pipe under the big chestnut-tree, as they carried my trunk upstairs."

"That was Mr. Allaire," said Hetty, blushing very red indeed.

"Well," said Miss Georgina, adjusting her curls, "and that is the editor of the Weekly Leader!"

Hetty stood still, in blank amazement.

"Didn't you know it?" said Miss Follott.

"Is it really true?" said Hetty.

"Of course it is," said Miss Follott. And Hetty ran away to hide her burning blushes in the cool, little dell behind the house, where the spring bubbled up among the tall green ferns. There, a little later, Hugh Allaire found her.

"Crying, Hetty?" he said. "My little love, what is the matter?"

"You have deceived me," said Hetty. "Never!" said Hugh.

"You didn't tell me that you were the editor of—of—" faltered Hetty. "You never asked me," retorted Hugh. "And it was you who sent me the checks for those stories?" sobbed Hetty.

"Of course it was," said he. "Why shouldn't I?"

"I never should have had courage to read them to you if I had thought you were an editor!" cried Hetty.

"I knew that," said Mr. Allaire. "I kept the dreadful truth to myself. Do you think, Hetty darling, it would be such a terrible thing to be an editor's wife?"

Hetty looked up, laughing through her tears. "I don't know," said she; "but I think I shall try it!"

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

BROTHER JOHN'S OPINIONS.

How One Home Came Near Being Blighted by the "Social Glass."

Brother John always had an opinion upon every subject; none of your small, wavering, half-formed opinions, but great, strong, well finished ones, delivered with a promptness and an emphasis that was at times truly exasperating to a contrary-minded person.

I had opinions, too, but years of constant association with John had led me to keep mine pretty well in the background, lest they clash with his and result in one of those long, tiresome controversies in which I always came out second best, though, sheer lack of breath to keep up the argument. John was a good man, though, as the world views it, honest and upright, and always ready to lend a hand to a brother in distress; he was conscientious, too, and, looking from his standpoint, he did every thing exactly right.

Brother John's frail, pretty little wife had lived just long enough to strengthen his belief in the infallibility of his own opinions and ideas. She had yielded and deferred to him in every thing, and had left this world firmly convinced that it contained but one wise and good man, and that one was John. With her last breath she had implored me to stay and care for her little Harry, then but two years old; and I, having no ties to keep me elsewhere, had listened to the pleading voice of the dying mother, and had promised to stay with her little one.

It was an easy matter to learn to love the pretty, winsome child, and day by day, he crept into my lonely heart and grew nearer and dearer, till it almost seemed that God's sunshine would lose its brightness should any harm befall my boy. He was a good little fellow, and seldom gave me any trouble; he was gentle and yielding, like his mother. I used sometimes to be fearful that he was almost too yielding, and I used to wonder how it would be when he should grow up and go out into the great world; whether he would have enough strength of character to take him unscathed through all its snares and temptations.

I tried to make his mind a perfect mirror of my own; tried to impress upon him all my convictions of right and wrong, and, above all things, to make him fear and loathe the drink habit. I endeavored to make him see that there was no safety even in tasting liquor, and that the mandate, "Look not upon the wine," was as imperative in our day as it was centuries ago. Then it was that Brother John often came between us with his opinions. John was what is known as a temperate man; he never drank himself, still it was his opinion that a man could drink like a gentleman, and had a perfect right to do so if he chose.

I was some years older than John and I could remember, in my early childhood, the death of a dearly loved uncle who died from the effects of strong drink. Young, handsome and talented, he was the idol of his family; but he, too, believed that a man could drink like a gentleman. It was the same old story; only a social glass at first, but thus the appetite was born and nourished which finally became his master and at last he died, a miserable drunkard. As a child I was old beyond my years and I have often thought that I suffered almost as keenly as did my mother, for I loved this young uncle with all the devotion of my childish heart.

I used to attempt to talk to John about Uncle Dick, but he always poked at what he called my "foolish notions," and gave it as his opinion that Uncle Dick must have been decidedly weak-minded or he would never have allowed himself to become a drunkard, for merely because a man drank there was no occasion for making a beast of himself.

I cared but little how John expressed himself before me, but it hurt me when he carelessly expressed such views before Harry; for, somehow, it so often happens when a boy is growing to manhood, that he looks upon father as his ideal. Mother or auntie are privileged to guide the faltering footsteps and listen to the little troubles, when he is a child; but too often, as he grows older, it dawns upon his swiftly maturing mind that they are only women, after all, and he is going to be a man like father; and so it comes about that he acts like father, talks like father and thinks like father. Once or twice I remonstrated with John about expressing such opinions before Harry, but he proudly told me he guessed his boy wasn't a fool and that it was his "opinion" that Harry was about old enough to look out for himself.

Days and weeks passed on until the winter my boy was eighteen, then it seemed to me that his character was undergoing a subtle change; he seemed to be losing something of his straightforward, manly ways and had a habit which I scarcely liked, of evading my questions about where he spent his evenings. He had a latch-key and I knew that he often came in quite late at night, for, somehow, I never could go to sleep till I knew my boy was safe at home. I would have preferred to sit up and let him into the house, since it was useless for me to attempt to sleep, but it was John's opinion that the boy was old enough to take care of himself and he might just as well have a latch-key and come in when he got ready. Sometimes when Harry came home I would hear him stop and fumble with the lock and often, when he entered, his steps sounded faltering and uncertain, and the next morning I would notice that he looked pale and haggard.

How I suffered those days! I was

constantly haunted by the fear that the tempter was laying his snares for my boy, but it was useless for me to talk to John about it, and so I suffered alone; and Oh! the keenest agony: the heart can bear is that which it must bear in silence.

One night, I can never forget it, it was dark and windy, and the snow was steadily falling. I was strangely depressed that evening; I seemed to have a presentiment of some threatening evil. We had our tea at 7 and, as Harry was preparing to go down town as usual, I said to him: "Harry, why don't you stay with us this evening. It is so dark and stormy!" but he only laughed and said: "The storm wouldn't hurt him any and he would come home early."

I could not have told why I so dreaded to have him leave the house, but I almost shuddered as the door closed behind him. John seldom went down town in the evening, and so we sat together that night by the warm fire, he reading his paper, and I keeping my hands busy at work, though my thoughts were with my boy.

At ten o'clock John lighted his lamp and went to bed, remarking, as he left the room, that he believed I was ruining my eyes working so much by lamplight. So, knowing that it fretted him to have me sit up late, I wearily prepared for bed, although I felt sure I should not sleep.

The snow had fallen to such a depth that it muffled the sound of passing footsteps, and so I lay and listened for the sound of Harry at the door. Every noise seemed unnaturally loud, and scores of times I lifted my head from the pillow quite sure that he had come. What a noise the mice made in the garret overhead, and how mournfully the old tree beside my window creaked and groaned as the heavy gusts of wind swayed it to and fro. How slowly the hours dragged away. I heard the clock strike eleven—twelve—one—two—three. What could be the matter? Harry had promised to come home early and I had never known him to stay out so late before.

I could endure it no longer and I rose, dressed myself and went back to the sitting-room. I lifted the curtain and looked out; I could see by the light of the street lamp that it had stopped snowing, but what was that dark object that lay across the walk? Could it be a human form partly covered by the drifted snow? I looked a moment longer; yes, I was certain that it was a person lying there and then, Oh! the thought came to me that it might be Harry.

I hurriedly called John, telling him that there was a person lying out on our sidewalk, but I dared not tell him of the awful fear that had seized me. He was dressed in a moment and when he came he asked why I had not called Harry; he looked surprised when I replied that Harry had not come home yet. I saw him glance quickly at the clock and an anxious look came over his face when he saw that it was after three.

We hastened out through the deep snow; John reached the form just before I did, and as he lifted it in his arms and the light from the street-lamp flashed across the face, I heard him cry out: "Oh, my God! it's Harry!"

Yes, it was indeed Harry who had fallen and lain there, we knew not how long. That he was intoxicated we knew at once, for the heavy fumes of the liquor still clung to him.

We carried the unconscious form into the house, and I hastened to a neighbor to arouse them and ask them to send their boy for a doctor; then I went back and we did what we could for the poor boy before the doctor came. I shall never forget the look of agony on John's face while we waited for the doctor's arrival. Somehow, as I looked at him, I seemed to see the bigoted man, with all his wearisome opinions slinking into the background, and in his place there stood the true father with all a father's love and terrible anxiety written upon his face. When the doctor came he relieved anxiety by telling us that the boy was not so badly frozen as we had feared, but he said: "Had he lain there until daylight the consequences might have been fatal."

The weeks passed in tedious recovery, and one day when Harry remarked that he thought he was able to walk downtown again his father told him that he would like a few moments' talk with him; they went together into Harry's room and the few moments lengthened into an hour. I never knew what was said during that hour, but I am sure there were no angry words spoken, for when they came out there was a gentle, softened expression on each face.

"Well, thank God, my boy was not past redemption, and that terrible night's experience was his salvation, for never since then has he drank one drop of liquor; and, as the years go by, he grows braver and stronger and more manly."

And John? Well, brother John still has his opinions, and in many respects they differ widely from mine, but upon the subject, which is nearest to my heart, the Temperance subject, we are firmly united; for never since that fateful night when our boy came so near losing his life within the very shadow of his home has John had aught but condemnation for the social glass.

Oh, how many Johns there are to-day who are carelessly giving their sanction and approval to this death-dealing traffic that is blighting the homes of our country, far and near? But wait, only wait until the curse comes to their own door, and then perchance they, too, will change their "opinions."

Nettie H. Pelham, in Union Signal.

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THE HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1890.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r.

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

It is with feelings of both pleasure and sadness that I again return to Greene county to assume the editorial management of one of its newspapers. Pleasant it is to receive the hearty greetings of former friends and the kindly welcome of neighboring contemporaries, but there is only sadness in the knowledge that I return to occupy a chair lately made vacant by the stern hand of destiny. Zealous in his labors, vigorous in his denunciation of what he believed was not for the best interests of the community he represented, outspoken in his convictions, none will be more missed than Mr. Wines among the newspaper fraternity of Greene county. In assuming the work he was so suddenly called to abandon, I trust the patrons of the HERALD will not judge too harshly if for a time I may not handle the pen as successfully as was done under the former management, but rather wait and learn if a better acquaintance with the wishes of the community may not increase my usefulness in the capacity of editor.

Guided by experience the HERALD will continue an independent paper, the organ of no clique or political party, but devoted to the interests of Cedarville and Greene county generally. I believe its readers will concur with me in this, believing as I do that in no other way can a local paper prove a success or render itself useful to a community. I trust that not only the patronage of former years may continue but increase if the citizens feel it to be merited.

W. H. BLAIR.

The unveiling of a monument in Indianapolis last Tuesday to the memory of the late Thomas A. Hendricks was witnessed by crowds of people from every part of the Union.

The Republican congressional convention for the Tenth district will be held at Washington, C. H., on the 29. That city is centrally located, and its selection shows the good judgment of the committee appointed for that purpose.

The board of Public Improvement of Cincinnati is having an investigation this week which the Commercial Gazette claims to have brought about. When the time is ripe for libel suits the C. G. will not know so much about the irregularities of the members of that board.

A. A. Garside, of Leeds, England believes he has invented a successful continuous rotary motion to take the place of the present backward and forward movement of the piston in the steam engine. He uses a tube coiled in a spiral around a shaft, the steam being introduced into the coil through the shaft, the steam being introduced into the coil through the shaft. The tube is widened toward the side away from the shaft.

B. P. Hutchinson, of Chicago, popularly known as "Old Hutch," finds time in the midst of his enormous business to devote considerable attention to literature. He is an admirer of Mr. Lathrop's latest novel, "Would You Kill Him?" and recently expressed great surprise at the truthful representation in that volume of the methods pursued in the speculative wheat business. "You got it almost exactly right," said he to Mr. Lathrop, "and while I was reading that part, I wondered how in the world you had learned so much about it. But when I came to the place where you describe Michigan avenue and the old fleet of grain ships, I said to myself: Why he's been there!" Carefully enough, however, Mr. Lathrop had never been in Chicago when he wrote the book.

It is reported from Pittsburg that during his stay in Europe Mr. Carnegie will call upon Mrs. Mary Schenley to induce her to give a thirty-acre site (near the three-hundred-acre park which she gave to the city last fall) upon which to erect the million-dollar library he proposes to build for Pittsburg. Mrs. Schenley was a Pittsburg girl, but now lives in London. With the library Mr. Carnegie will build an art gallery, for which, it is said, he recently provided in his will that the interest on \$1,000,000 be set aside.

UNDER the caption of "Let us Have a Primary Election," the Xenia Republican publishes an able editorial setting forth the reasons why Greene county republicans should select their candidate to be present to the congressional convention at Washington C. H. on the 29th. That is wrong. They should insist strenuously upon holding a mass convention in Xenia. Hon. Jno. Little knows just how to manipulate such assemblages as the republicans of Greene county who attended a similar gathering about four years ago can attest. True his victory at that time cost him dear in the end but his friends should not let that deter them now.

The probability now is that there will be two candidates from Greene county before the republican congressional convention viz. Hon. Jno. Little, of Xenia, and Hon. Andrew Jackson, of Cedarville. While there is nothing in politics certain it is generally conceded that the nomination will not be given this county. The complimentary vote, however, is a matter of some consequence and should go to the gentleman justly entitled to it. Greene county can not honor Mr. Little more than she already has done. Mr. Jackson, too, has no cause for complaint. Twice he has been sent to the legislature, but during that time no man who has served in the same capacity during the past decade looked after the welfare of his constituents more assiduously than he. If at any time the republican party was in need Mr. Jackson had only to be advised of the fact and his services were at once rendered even to the detriment of business. Such services should have its reward, and there is no time like the present to pay the debt. Mr. Jackson reticent on the subject of his candidacy but his friends insist that Greene county cannot honorably do otherwise than thus compliment him.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curran, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at Ridgway's Drug Store. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.00. (2)

Mr. Van Pelt, Editor of the Craig, Mo., Meteor, went to a drug store at Hillsdale, Iowa, and asked the physician in attendance to give him a dose of something for cholera morbus and looseness of the bowels. He says: I felt so much better the next morning that I concluded to call on the physician and get him to fix me up a supply of the medicine. I was surprised, when he handed me a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He said he prescribed it regularly in his practice and found it the best he could find or prepare. I can testify to its efficiency in my case at all events. For sale by Ridgway.

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THE Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, Money-Saving Thresher of this day and age.

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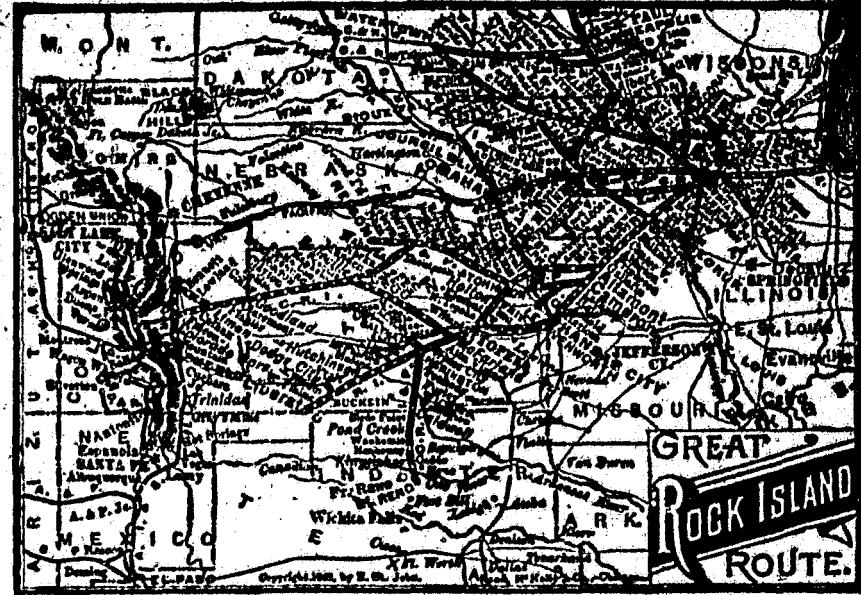
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THE HERALD.

INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1890.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r.

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Covenant Church.—Rev. T. C. Sproul, Pastor. Regular services at 11:00 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.
R. P. Church.—Rev. J. P. Morton, pastor. Services at 11:00 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.
M. E. Church.—Rev. G. L. Tufts, pastor. Preaching at 10:45 a. m.; Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.; class, 2:30 p. m.; Young People's meeting at 4:00 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m.; prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m.
U. P. Church.—Rev. J. O. Warnock, pastor. Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.
A. M. E. Church.—Rev. J. D. Jackson, pastor. Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.; class, 7:00 p. m. each Friday.
Baptist Church.—Rev. D. M. Turner, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sabbath school at 10 a. m.; prayer meeting Wednesday night.

TO MRS. WINANS.

The following lines were written for Mrs. Winans, and presented to her by the writer, Lyda M. Cook.
 They have gone; thy babe and husband.
 They have crossed the murky tide,
 And you too, no doubt are weeping
 You weep on the other side.
 Death has garnered quite a harvest
 From your bright and happy home;
 No one you loved has taken
 Never more on earth to roam.
 Yes, dear friend, your youthful path
 Does indeed seem dark and sad,
 But you still have One to comfort
 Who alone can make you glad.
 Though on earth they were the dearest,
 Yet you have a dearer Friend,
 Lay your head upon His bosom;
 He will love you to the end.
 I can write, dear friend, no longer,
 For my eyes with tears are dim,
 But my prayer shall be in closing
 Ever put your trust in Him.

THE MAPLE BARK LOUSE.

Threatens Destruction to Shade Trees in Columbus and other Ohio Cities.

According to a newspaper bulletin just issued by Dr. C. M. Wood, entomologist of the Ohio Experiment Station, the maple bark louse has become destructively numerous over a large portion of Ohio, and is creating much alarm by its presence. It is especially at work upon the shade trees of cities and villages, and unless checked there is every indication that the trees will be seriously injured. The insect has been reported as very abundant in Cleveland and Canton, and is present in many parts of Columbus. It probably occurs, also, in a large number of other cities and towns of the state.

The presence of the pests is shown by the occurrences upon the twigs of maple trees, especially on the under side of a brown, circular, leathery scale about one-quarter of an inch in diameter, beneath which is a fluffy, cottony mass, that at this time is alive with hundreds of young lice, appearing to the unaided eye as minute, white specks moving about. About six years ago there was a similar outbreak of this insect in Ohio, Illinois, Michigan and adjacent states, when many trees were rendered unsightly and filthy by the presence of the lice, and some were killed by the attack.

This maple bark louse is an insect belonging to a family of peculiar habits and histories. Under each of the scales there was a month ago from 700 to 1,000 small white eggs. These eggs have since hatched into young lice which are now scattering over the trees, and will soon fix themselves upon the leaves where they will remain throughout the season. They insert a tiny beak into the leaf and suck the sap. In autumn before the foliage drops they desert the leaves and fasten themselves to the twigs. Much of the sap that is sucked from the foliage passes through the bodies and falls to the ground. This is frequently called honeydew.

Some of the most intelligent citizens of Columbus report that during the outbreak of 1884, they cleared their shade trees of the scales and young lice by using a stream of water from the hose, forcing it into the

trees and washing them off. In cities this is the simplest and easiest plan to be suggested. Of course a single washing cannot be expected to clear the trees completely, but the treatment should be repeated several times. The more water pressure on at the time of treating the better.

When this simple water treatment is not practicable, the next method I would suggest is spraying with what is known as kerosene emulsion. This is made by adding two parts of kerosene to one part of a solution made by dissolving half a pound of hard soap in one gallon of boiling water, and churning the mixture through a force pump with a very small nozzle until the whole forms a creamy mass which will thicken into a jelly-like substance on cooling. The soap solution should be hot when the kerosene is added, but of course must not be near the fire. The emulsion thus made is to be diluted before using with twelve parts of cold water.

This must be applied soon after the lice hatch with a force pump and spray nozzle. Care should be taken that the kerosene is thoroughly emulsified, else it is liable to injure foliage.

These bark lice have various natural enemies, which prey upon them. These enemies checked the outbreak quite suddenly in 1885, and probably in a year or two they will reduce their present numbers below the danger line. But in the meanwhile artificial remedies should be used as much as practicable.

Sabina has a new bank.

Mrs. Jas. Myers, living about a mile west of Jamestown, was buried Tuesday.

A patriotic sentiment is directed toward the securing the the admission of Wyoming and Idaho into the Union.

Wanted—To rent a dwelling house suitable for a family of three persons. Address stating location, the Herald office.

There was no meeting of the Logan Club last Monday evening, there not being enough members present to constitute a quorum.

There was furious storms Monday afternoon and evening, and much damage was done by rain and lightning to property and life.

Herman Lackman, a leading brewer of Cincinnati, who was prostrated by the heat Saturday, died at his residence in Glendale Monday.

Figures from the census office show that there are about 5,500 surviving soldiers of the late war and about 300 widows of soldiers in Cincinnati.

The trial of Mrs. Whitehead, charged with complicity with W. Fred Pettit in the murder of the latter's wife, has been set for September 3.

The Herald wants to increase its circulation and to that end will pay a liberal commission to a good solicitor. Only one meaning business need apply.

The central committeeman for Cedarville township has issued a call for a mass convention of Republican voters to meet in the Clerk's office to-day at 2 p. m., for the purpose of electing a delegate to the State convention.

A carpenter by the name of M. S. Powers, fell from the roof of a house in East Des Moines, Iowa, and sustained a painful and serious sprain of the wrist, which he cured with one bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He says it is worth \$5 a bottle. It cost him 50 cents. For sale by Ridgway.

Cholera infantum has lost its terrors since the introduction of Chamberlain's Cholera, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. When that remedy is used and the treatment as directed with each bottle is followed, a cure is certain. Mr. A. W. Walter, a prominent merchant at Waltersburg, Ill., says: "It cured my baby boy of cholera infantum after several other remedies had failed. The child was so low that he seemed almost beyond the aid of humane hands or reach of any medicine." 25 or 50 cent bottles for sale by Ridgway.

Children's Day was celebrated at the M. E. church, Jamestown, last Sunday instead of the first Sunday in June, the day universally celebrated throughout the United States. The postponement, we understand, was to accommodate one or two members of that church who were otherwise engaged and could not lend their assistance sooner.

"Have you a family?" asked a judge of a man who was making final proof in a United States land office. "Yes, sir," replied the man. "Of what does it consist?" "Well," said the man, "evidently confused, and looking up toward the ceiling as if to refresh his memory, 'it consists of my wife, ten children, two hired men, a gang plow, a seeder, a Bain wagon and a span of mules; I believe that's all.'" "That is enough," replied the judge with a smile, and the settler got his papers without further questioning.

Happy Hoosters.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than any other medicine combined, for that bad feeling arising from kidney and liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best kidney and liver medicine made, the feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c a bottle, at Hinesway's Drug Store." (2)

George E. Lemon, publisher of the National Tribune, is making extra efforts to have the circulation of that become the greatest of that of any paper published in the United States, and to that end is sending car-loads of sample copies to all parts of the Union each week. Cedarville has not been neglected, so we are informed by Postmaster McLean, as every old veteran has received a copy.

EXCURSIONS to the NORTHWEST.

Reduced Rates via the Pennsylvania Lines to St. Paul, Minn.

For the National Educational Association meeting. Tickets at one fare for the round trip will be sold July 1st to 7th, good returning until July 15th inclusive, or by special arrangement in St. Paul return limit can be extended to September 30th.

Reduced Rates to Cleveland via the Pennsylvania Lines.

For National Reunion Benevolent Protective Order of Elk at Cleveland, excursion tickets will be sold via the Pennsylvania Lines July 6th and 7th at one fare for the round trip, good returning until July 10th, inclusive.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles. He hopes all sufferers will try his Remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address, Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings County, New York. 16nov1y

The Reason why Golden Rule Flour

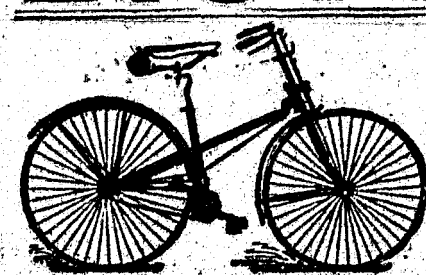
Is the BEST FLOUR made. 1st.—The most careful selection in buying none but the best grades of sound Milling wheat obtainable. 2d.—The use of the latest and most improved Machinery known, and the utmost care and skill in the process of Manufacture.

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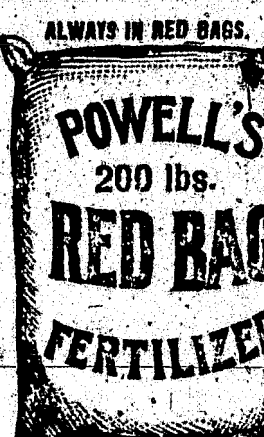
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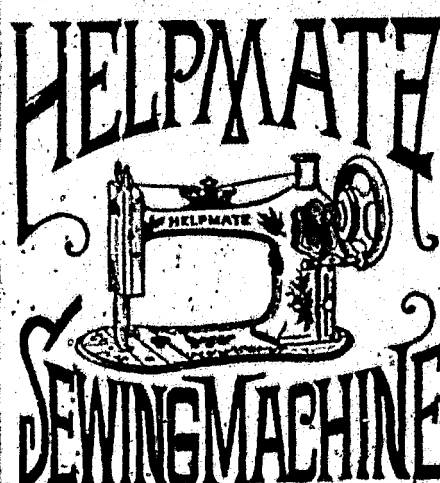
We call attention to the novelty of its construction, it being composed of two sheets of paper with an interposed layer of water-proof bitumen or asphalt, the whole united under pressure, making a sanitary mildew-proof sheathing for the sides and floors of houses, that will last as long as the building upon which it is applied.

Experience has shown that the cheap paper commonly used for sheathing houses do not protect a building for any length of time, but soon mildew and fall to pieces, making the house drafty and damp; these defects can then only be remedied at great expense. A Good Sheathing like the O.K. Building Paper, can be obtained at a trifling cost, and it is a waste of money to use an inferior article.

Put up in rolls 36 inches wide, containing 1,000 square feet.

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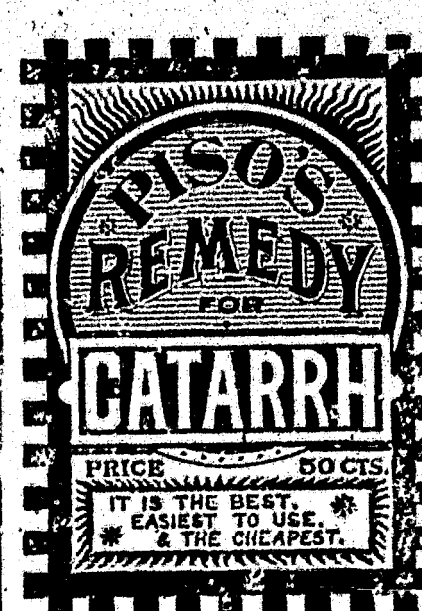
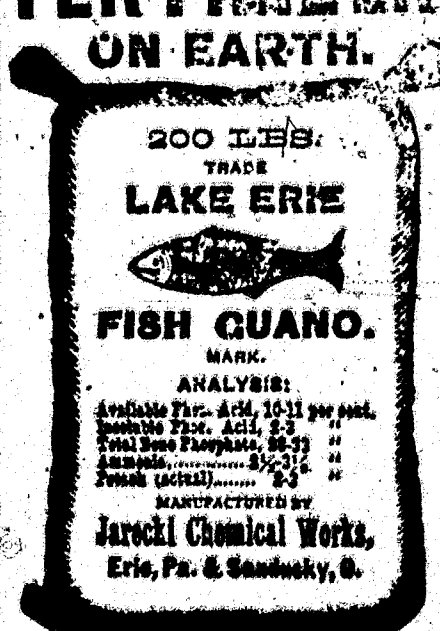
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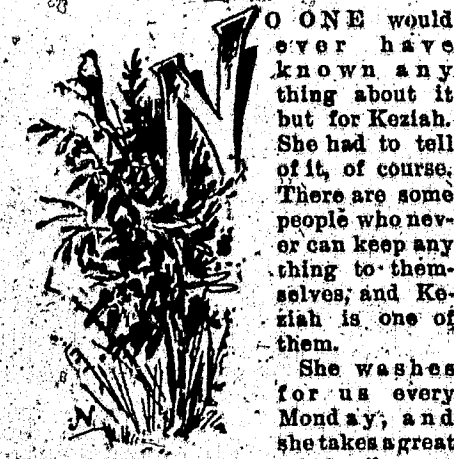
The Cedarville Herald.

MRS. ROSE E. WINANS, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

TWO LITTLE RUNAWAYS.

Their Grievances and What They Missed by Going.



ONE would ever have known anything about it but for Keziah. She had to tell of it, of course. There are some people who never can keep anything to themselves, and Keziah is one of them.

She washes for us every Monday, and she takes great deal more interest in our family concerns than I like. She gives mother advice about me, too, and of course I don't like that.

Lulu Fenwick says she wouldn't stand it, but I'd like to know how she'd manage Keziah. She couldn't even keep her from telling about that day we ran away.

You see, Lulu and I always have thought we were not treated the way we ought to be. Our mothers are so hard on us. Lulu has to do all the chamber work and help wash the breakfast dishes at her house, and I am general maid-of-all-work at ours.

But I attend to the baby most of the time, and when I tell mother I want some recreation, she says I can weed out the flower-beds or go to the store on an errand.

If our baby was like some babies I have seen, and would take naps real often, I wouldn't mind so much having to see to him; but he keeps awake all day long as a general thing, and he never is satisfied unless I am hunting butterflies for him, or rolling him around in a little cart Tom Briggs—that's Keziah's boy—made for him.

But I wouldn't have made up my mind to run away just because of the baby. It was because mother and Mrs. Fenwick wouldn't let Lulu and me go to an exhibition of wax-works at Bromfield.

Every body who had been to it said it was just grand, and, of course, Lulu and I were wild to go. We wanted to drive, but we would have walked sooner than not go, for it was only six miles.

It was no use to tease, for Mrs. Fenwick and mother both said they couldn't afford it. They wouldn't let us go alone, and it would cost three dollars to hire a team, and there was the admission fee of fifty cents to pay, too.

Lulu cried, and so did I, but it didn't do any good.

And so we decided to run away. Lulu said she had just been reading in a newspaper about a girl who had a mother who abused her, and she ran away, and a kind old gentleman who lived in grand style adopted her, and when he died left her all his money.

She said she knew there must be lots and lots of people who would be glad to adopt us if they only knew about us, and that we could look for some old people living in the country, without chil-

dren, and awful lonely. She said there were plenty of 'em, if we only knew where to find 'em.

We talked it all over one night at our gate, and we decided that if we were ever going, the sooner we went the better it would be, for we might miss some good chance of being adopted.

So we left the very next morning. We each took a tin pail, so people would think we were going blackberrying; but in the pails were the things we wanted to take with us.

Mother was upstairs with the baby when I left, and Keziah was out in the yard under the cherry tree, washing blankets.

"Tell mother I've gone down in the pasture, Keziah," I said.

"You'd best tell her yourself," said Keziah. "You know she wouldn't let you go off this way, and not a stroke of work done in the house yet. And you won't find no blackberries. There's been Bromfield people pickin' in them pastures, and they've cleaned out every blackberry they could lay their fingers on. You're jest tryin' to shirk out o' takin' care of the baby, and it's ashamed

you ought to be of yourself, too, and your ma so delikit."

Of course I felt like answering back; but I didn't. She couldn't know that she was looking on my face for the last time, and I felt sure she would be sorry for her harsh words when I was gone, and she realized, as day after day passed, and I was mourned perhaps for dead, that she would never see me again. Besides, I felt sorry for her because she used such poor grammar.

I found Lulu down in the pasture sitting on an old stump. She looked dreadfully serious.

"It was harder to come away than I thought it would be," she said. "I wish I hadn't been obliged to do it." "Well, you were obliged, and that's all there is about it," I said. "Things were getting worse all the time. The idea of our not going to the wax-works exhibition! It was mortifying. Every body I met asked me if I'd been, and I didn't know what excuse to make."

We climbed a grassy knoll, as they say in stories, and stood there, looking our last on our homes. That is, we thought it was our last, and of course we couldn't look into the future and see what really happened.

"I am glad I did up all the chamber-work before I left," said Lulu. "Mother can't reproach me for anything." "They'll appreciate us when we are gone," I answered. "Now they take all our sacrifices as a matter of course, and without compunction, work us like slaves."

Lulu said I talked just like a heroine in a novel. That is the secret of my influence over her—she thinks I know so much more than most girls of my age. And I suppose I do.

We didn't dare go on the main road; so we struck for the woods and walked into the thick of it before we stopped. Then we turned around three times, with our eyes shut, and said some magic words I made up expressly.

"This is the way," I said, pointing to my right.

And we walked off without the slightest idea where we were going.

We talked about the future at first, wondering how soon we would come to some palatial residence, and on what sort of beds we would sleep that night.

"We must get out of these woods, or we'll have to sleep right here on the roots," said Lulu, at last. "We won't find any palatial residences in this wood. I went through most of it when Tom Briggs took me nutting last fall."

"People say it is twenty miles long," I answered; "and there's no telling what we'll find when we come to the end of that twenty miles. We must push right on."

So we kept going, but presently Lulu said she was hungry, and then we found out that neither of us had thought to bring anything to eat.

Of course there was no use worrying over it; we simply had to endure it; but we got hungrier and hungrier the further we went.

"We must have gone at least twenty miles," Lulu said, at last. "I'm so tired out I can't go any further."

Well, if I hadn't known how to talk to her, she would have sat right down where she was, and starved to death, for all I know.

But I kept my presence of mind, and told her she must go on whether she wanted to or not; that sitting down was not to thought of for a moment.

Then she began to talk about home, and to wonder what her little sister Eva was doing, and if Bennie had cried after her. And I saw she was beginning to feel sorry she had left.

"I don't believe I like running away, after all," she said, tearfully; "and if you'll just tell me where we're going to sleep to-night, Anna-Sophia, I'd be obliged to you."

I didn't like her tone at all, but I kept my temper—for I am glad to say that I have it under good control—and I told her that we were at least fifteen or eighteen miles from home. I felt sure, and if we pushed on bravely we'd come to a house soon; there couldn't be any doubt about that.

Lulu said it was very well to talk about pushing on, but her feet were sore, and she'd torn her dress, and it was nearly dark, and she was afraid of bears and snakes; and if she was killed in those woods it would be all my fault, for I'd been the one to propose running away.

I said she might blame it on me if she liked, but that she had been the one who had put the idea into my head first, with her stories of rich old gentlemen adopting girls and leaving them money. My feet were sore, too, and my dress was torn, but I wasn't going to cry about it.

Lulu was a little ashamed of herself then, and we got along very well for awhile, but the woods began to grow dark and the owls and the whip-poor-wills began to screech, and every story I had ever heard about snakes and bears and wildcats came into my mind. If we lay down to sleep I was sure wildcats would come and kill us.

It grew so dark after a time that we couldn't see our hands before our faces, and we hung on to each other in deadly terror.

Every time Lulu stepped on a root she screamed out, thinking it was a snake, and once a bat flew right into her face.

But we didn't dare sit down, and though I was beginning to think we would have to stop soon, we kept struggling on.

All at once we saw a light ahead of us. Yes, it was really a light, and what we felt when we realized that you can perhaps imagine.

It was a house at last, we felt sure. We were so tired we couldn't go any faster, and it seemed an hour before we stepped out at last into a little clearing, in the middle of which stood a small cabin, covered with morning-glory and wandering Indian vine.

The door was open, and there was a woman sitting with her back to it, at a table. There seemed to me something familiar about the place, but I was too tired to pay any attention to it, and we just staggered in.

"Please can we sleep here to-night?" I asked. "We have walked all the way from Bondville, and are worn out."

The woman turned sharp around, and the light of the candle fell full on her face. It was Keziah.

"Good land," she exclaimed, "if it ain't Anna-Sophia! All the way from Bondville, be ye? Well, that ain't but half a mile off," and she burst out laughing.

I told her I didn't think there was anything to laugh at, and presently she stopped.

"You've been off on some foolishness, Anna-Sophia," she said. "Runnin' away, I guess. Well, I reckon you've had enough of it, by the looks of you. Got turned round in the woods, I s'pose, and like as not been walkin' in a circle. Well, I never seen the beat! And you chose a poor day for your fun, too, for

PLEASE CAN WE SLEEP HERE TO-NIGHT?



you hadn't been gone half an hour when your Uncle Solomon over to Bromport came by in a waggon and took your ma an' Miss Fenwick and Eva and Benjy all over to Bromfield to see them 'wax siggers. Your ma had me run to the pasture to see if you was there, but I didn't see no sign of you, so off they went. Your Uncle Solomon was goin' to treat, and they laid out to stay to some gins'-on this evenin'. I reckon they ain't come back yet."

I thought right off that there was a chance for us to get home and go to bed, and no one but Keziah need ever know we had been gone all day.

So I asked her if she wouldn't please keep it to herself that we'd run away. She wouldn't promise, and so I told her I would leave it to her good nature, and sense of justice, and she said that sounded just like me, and she'd think it over and try to discover what I was driving at.

Then we went home, Keziah going ahead with a lantern, and the minute I had got something to eat I went to bed. And I was never so tired in all my life.

Mother came home about half an hour later, and she came up in the dark to see me and to tell me how sorry she was that Lulu and I had missed Uncle Solomon's treat, and that she hadn't been able to keep me out of her mind all day.

Then she kissed me and went downstairs, and I did hope Keziah wouldn't tell.

But she did. She was in the kitchen when I went down to breakfast the next morning, and I saw by the way mother looked at me that she knew all about it.

She didn't say anything, however, and I was thankful for that; but I think she felt that I had been punished enough, for I was so stiff, and my feet were so sore I could hardly get around.

If it had only stopped with telling mother, I wouldn't have cared very much; but it didn't.

Keziah wasn't satisfied until every body in Bondville knew that Lulu and I had run away, and the questions people asked us were perfectly dreadful.

Lulu and I were the only ones who didn't see any joke in the matter.

It seems a pity we made such a failure of that day; but, as Mrs. Fenwick told Lulu, I think we learned a lesson, for we haven't talked any since about leaving home, and Lulu doesn't tell any more stories about rich old gentlemen liking to adopt girls just like us.—Florence B. Halliwell, in Golden Days.

An Astonished Surgeon.

The astonished surgeon explained: "My good man, I am here to save your life."

"That's just it!" shrieked the wounded man; "I've been paying premiums to an accident insurance company for fifteen years, and now, when my estate has a fair chance of getting enough to pay all my debts, you want to rob my creditors of it. Get away, or I'll break every bone in your body."—The Jury.

A Walking Dictionary.

Norman—Budge, what is an obstacle? Budge—Oh, that's an easy word. An obstacle is a—well, it's something or other you run against in the dark and skin your nose.—Harper's Young People.

ALABAMA CLAY-EATERS.

A Quaker Community Found Among the Rugged Hills of Marion County.

A correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch writes from Birmingham, in Alabama: "Among the rugged hills of Marion County, in the extreme north-western portion of Alabama, live about 500 white families whose principal food is white clay. When Western Alabama was first settled by the whites, 1840-55, their ancestors came from the hills of North Georgia and South Carolina. The clay eaten by them is a pale white in color, very soft and is found in large quantities in various portions of Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee and Alabama. Recently it has been largely used in the adulteration of baking powders, cream of tartar and even flour. It has just a faint taste of magnesia, and is by no means unpleasant even to a novice. When first taken from the bank or bed of the stream where it is found it has an oily appearance, but this disappears when it is dry. The clay-eaters roll it into little balls, which can be carried in the pocket, and when they are ready to eat it, water is poured over it until it is wet and soft again. It is never eaten dry, for in that state it is easily broken into a very fine powder or dust, which would fill the throat and lungs."

"The home of the clay-eater is a log hut, containing only one room, and no matter how large his family may be, they all eat and sleep in the same room. Around the cabin there is a little clearing, where a patch of corn and one of potatoes are cultivated, and most of them have a small garden, where they raise a few beans and cabbage. A few of them own horses, but the majority have only oxen for the farm-work. They sometimes raise fair crops of corn, as the soil is very fertile, and little cultivation is needed. There is no market for the corn except at the nearest illicit distillery, where it is converted into 'mountain dew' or moonshine whisky. Hogs are owned by a few of them, but they are small and of inferior breed. For meat they depend on killing wild game, deer, turkeys and squirrels, which are found in large numbers among the hills."

"It is twenty miles from the hills where the clay-eaters live to the nearest country town, and almost twice that distance to the nearest railroad. Very few of them ever saw a train, and they know absolutely nothing of modern inventions, such as sewing-machines and cooking stoves. None of them can read or write, and there is no such thing as a school-house in their settlement. Fifteen miles from the neighborhood of the clay-eater there is a country store, where they barter eggs, chickens, moonshine whisky, deer and coon-skins for coffee, powder and shot."

"The clay-eaters have some peculiar custom and superstitions. They have signs for every thing, and almost worship the moon. The average clay-eaters has a mortal dread of an owl. As soon as the hoot of an owl is heard, a chair is overturned. If the hooting ceases, it is a sign that the threatening danger has been ward off; but if it continues, there is weeping and wailing. In every fire-place will be found a piece of lint rock. This is supposed to keep foxes and owls from catching the chickens. If they start on a journey, no matter where, and a rabbit is seen to cross their path, the journey is at once abandoned, because a rabbit never runs directly across a man's path except to warn him of death. Like the negroes of the South, they are all firm believers in the magic power of the left hind foot of the graveyard rabbit. To sweep trash outdoors would sweep some one out of the family."

BEING BEST MAN.

The Worry and Responsibility of It Made One Young Man Sick.

It is no small undertaking to be best man at a wedding, writes Hepburn Johns in the Pittsburgh Dispatch. The awful responsibilities of the groom usually fill the minds of the spectators, and the best man's trials are rather less of a trial. Still, important as the chief male assistant's duties are, they are not really so formidable as they seemed to an Allegheny man who recently was called upon to fulfill them.

This young man was asked by an old friend to stand up with him when he entered the solemn estate of matrimony. He consented willingly. He is of a nervous temperament, and a number of his friends, for a joke, resolved to give him a fright. So they went to him one by one and impressed upon him that being best man carried with it no small obligations. He would have to wear a new dress suit, they told him, and a new hat, new shoes, a new tie and so on. Besides, he would have to give the bride an expensive present, and contribute liberally to the groom's expenses. One particularly solicitous friend was kind enough to figure out exactly how much his performance at the wedding would cost him. The sum total, by his fictitious figuring, was \$180.

Now to a young man on a small salary, as the best man-to-be was, \$180 was no joke. Being, as I have said, of a nervous temperament, the obligation of spending a sum so far beyond his means affected him powerfully. He could not think of backing out, yet how to scrape together the money to do "the thing well" he hadn't an idea. He worried himself sick about it, actually sick, and, to cut a long story short, when the wedding day came the young man who should have been best man lay seriously ill in bed in a hospital.

And this is strictly true. The joke was carried much too far.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Cherry Catsup.—One quart of sour cherry juice, one pound of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cloves, two of cinnamon and a very little cayenne pepper. Boil until thick, bottle and seal.

—Carrot Chop.—Mash finely some boiled carrots with butter, pepper and salt; add a beaten egg and mix well; shape with the hands like a chop; dip in an egg and bread crumbs and fry brown in butter; serve with gravy or melted butter.

—When cutting bread for the table, save all the crumbs, which in the course of a year amount to considerable, and are useful for stuffing, puddings, etc. You can put a handful into your rice puddings occasionally, and no one be any the wiser.

—Some persons like strawberries sugared and set away on ice a little while before serving, and when they are not very ripe or a little tart it is a good way; but they do not look so pretty, and, unless all the family like it so, it is better to let each one add cream and sugar according to taste.—Demorest.

—For a summer sitting-room nothing can be cleaner, sweeter, or more wholesome in every way than furnishings of rattan or willow ware. Tables, chairs, and a variety of other articles, such as work-tables and baskets, as well as bureaus and escritoires, can be found in this ware in the shops of our prominent dealers.—Christian at Work.

—Let a person, not overstrong, subject to frequent colds from the slightest exposure, the victim of chronic catarrh, sore throats, etc., begin the practice of taking a sponge bath every morning, commencing with tepid water in a warm room (not hot), and following the sponge with friction that will produce a warm glow over the skin, and then take a five-minute brisk walk in the open air.—The Householder.

—Pie-plant Pudding.—Slice as for pies, spread slices of bread on both sides, with butter, remove the crust. Put a layer of bread in the bottom of a pudding dish, then a layer of pie-plant, abundantly sweetened, a few bits of butter, and a very slight sprinkling of flour. Fill the dish with alternate layers of pie-plant and bread, cover while baking. After thirty minutes remove cover and brown the top, serve with a sweet sauce.—The Housekeeper.

—Broiled Steak with Mushrooms.—Broil your steak over a clear fire. Before you put it on, open a can of mushrooms, take out half of them, and cut each mushroom in two. Saute them in a frying-pan with a little butter, unless you have a cup of bouillon or clear beef soup or gravy at hand. Let them simmer in this for ten minutes, and when you dish your steak, pour gravy and mushrooms over it. Leave it covered in the oven five minutes before sending to table.—Harper's Bazar.

SAVE THE SCRAPS.

How to Be Economical in Practice as Well as in Theory.

There are a great many persons who are economical enough in theory but who waste a great deal in practice. It requires patience to separate the bits of fat from a cold roast, to try them out and lay them aside for use in the store-room. For this reason many housekeepers throw away the remnants of a roast after it has been served up twice. A woman who will sew industriously for many hours to save paying a seamstress half a day's work will sometimes thoughtlessly throw away more than the equivalent of the seamstress' wages in these scraps. The fat of beef nicely tried out is equivalent to butter and equally valuable for frying. Try the experiment of saving every scrap of beef, veal and chicken fat, strain and weigh it, and its value will be a cause of genuine astonishment if you have never undertaken the experiment before. Save every scrap of mutton and other strong-flavored fats and try them out for soap. It takes only a few moments to prepare good home-made soft soap, and the saving from this source alone will be found nearly equal to the saving of butter from making use of the scraps of fat suitable for cooking.

No scrap of meat or vegetables should ever be wasted. Bits of meat, however inconsiderable in quantity, can be combined with some other, put in an omelette, made into croquettes by addition of rice or some other meat and re-served in many ways that will leave no hint that it has previously appeared, for perhaps a third time. It is a little more difficult to know what to do with vegetables that are left over. The most appetizing method of disposing of such as can be used in this way is in a salad. Spinach, string beans, beets, bits of turnip and potatoes can be used in this way. The next method is an omelette. Cold asparagus, peas, bits of fried egg plant, oyster plant and other vegetables are delicious served in this way. Most mashed vegetables, like parsnips or mashed potatoes, are delightful served in balls. In preparing all rechauffes it should be remembered that the food is already cooked, and any further continuation of the cooking will impair its flavor. It should therefore be heated to the point of cooking, but not beyond it. A little boiling-hot sauce is a great advantage to these dishes where it can be suitably used. Seaming is one of the best ways of heating food which is re-served. Not one crumb of bread in a household need be wasted. Each week after baking, all stale bread should be collected, dried and sifted to serve for stuffing meats, for croquettes, pudding, stuffing to fowl, or many other dishes.—N. Y. Tribune.

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THE HERALD.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

It was a glorious Fourth. James Baker (colored) has moved to Pittsburgh.

The small boy and the fire cracker enjoyed the day yesterday.

Mrs. S. H. Wolford is visiting friends in Springfield this week. Thos. Gibson and family, of Marysville, are the guests of friends in Cedarville this week.

Dr. Baldridge spent the Fourth at Cherry Fork, Adams county, his former home. His wife is spending the heated term at her former home, Seymour, Indiana.

Otway Randall, a former Cedarvillian, who left here to make his home in Anderson, Indiana, has been appointed delivery clerk in the post-office at that place.

Miss Anna Williamson was the guest of her brother near Stringtown this week.

Dr. Hinton has been granted a pension of \$17 a month and \$427 back pay.

John Atwell lost a finger while operating a binder at his home on the farm of J. D. Williamson, last Wednesday morning.

Mrs. J. D. Williamson is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Robert Beyson, near Xenia, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Rodgers, of Detroit, Kansas, are the guests of J. N. and J. E. Townsley, Mrs. Rodgers' parents.

Miss Minnie Frame, of Kansas, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John McElroy. Miss Frame came to Ohio to witness the marriage of her friend Miss Minnie Cline, nee McElroy, but arrived just a day too late, and so stopped in Xenia to pay a visit to friends before coming here.

A party of Jamestown's fair dandies and their g. lant escorts passed through Cedarville Wednesday en route to Clifton where they spent the day.

Al Zeiner, of Jamestown, was in Cedarville Tuesday and gave the boys some "pointers" on the National game—baseball.

Bogert's picnic wagon brought a party of colored picnicers from Xenia to the Cedarville cliffs last Tuesday. They returned home via Clifton.

Mr. J. H. Gowdy furnished several gallons of ice-cream to Clifton parties Thursday, and while making it remembered this office. Mr. Gowdy makes as good cream as is made in the county if we are to judge by that which he sent us on that day. We were surprised to learn that the parties having charge of a picnic here yesterday sent to Xenia for their cream when they could have got as good an article for less money at home. That is a bad policy.

W. C. T. U.

Greene County Annual Meeting. The annual meeting of the Greene county Women's Christian Temperance union will be held in the First M. E. church, Xenia, Thursday, July 10, when the following program will be rendered:

9:30 A. M.—Consecration services led by Mrs. A. R. Shannon.

10 A. M.—Opening of convention: Roll call of officers. Reading of minutes, appointment of committees on credentials, courtesies and plan of work, reports of local Unions and county superintendents, report of committee on credentials.

11:30 Election of officers, noon-tide hour of prayer led by Mrs. J. F. Curry, of Cedarville, Adjournment.

AFTERNOON SESSION

1:30 p. m. Devotional exercises led by Dr. C. D. Ellis, of Yellow Springs reading of minutes, presidents address, corresponding secretary's report, treasurer's report, collection, report of committee on plan of work, paper on Sabbath observance by Mrs. E. E. Cooley, report of finance committee; miscellaneous business; adjournment; Benediction.

How it Was Observed in Cedarville.

Not So Glorious as One Year Ago, but Very Pleasant.

Everybody Happy—Picnics, Decorations, Fireworks, Etc.

"Yes," said one of our prominent business men, "the Fourth at Cedarville is somewhat dull compared with last year, but you will see it is lively enough before the day is past." And we did.

During the day the town appeared all but deserted, and only the magnificent decorations of some of our patriotic citizens, which gave the town a holiday appearance, relieved the monotony.

The Epworth League picnic at the cliffs just west of town was a decided success. It is said there was a larger crowd on the grounds yesterday than at any former time in years. Several Sabbath schools from a distance were represented, and all seemed to enjoy themselves.

One picnic composed for most part of our business men, their wives and children, visited the Clifton picnic grounds, and the hilarity of those present was only brought into subjection when they had returned to their homes and every day life again.

And then there was the Brewers' picnic, just below Clifton, which was attended by some from here. Brewers, when they go out into the country to have a good time, never fail to have it, and if those who attended from here were dissatisfied it was their own fault, for the fun was there for them.

But when everybody returned home in the evening the fun commenced. It wasn't only the small boy with the "fire cracker," but it was all kinds of fireworks, and every aged boy and girl. True it was a sort of an impromptu affair, but that made it none the less elegant, and nothing marred the grandeur of the occasion. Yes, the Fourth at Cedarville had at least a glorious ending.

Miss Alecie Stormont gave a Fourth of July party to a number of her young friends last night.

C. F. Pierce, of Winchester, Ind., was in town yesterday.

Mike Ryan, an old and respected citizen died at his home in Selma last Saturday, of heart trouble. At the time of his death he was sitting in a chair and no person was near him. The funeral services were held in the Catholic church at South Charleston Tuesday morning after which the body was interred in the Springfield cemetery.

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE.

J. F. Johnson to Will W. Johnson, lot 1, Boop & Co's add to Jamestown, \$1,600.

Bridget Morris et al to A. H. Ross, 17-19 1/2 acres, Xenia, \$500.

M. R. Stinson to M. T. McCreight, 42 1/2 sq poles, \$1,550.

A. H. Brundage to C. L. Spencer, lot 4, Monroe's add to Xenia, \$1,250.

Sheriff to H. L. Smith, trustee, &c, lot 20, Monroe's add to Xenia, \$867.

Auditor to S. F. Evans, lot 40 Boop's add to Jamestown, \$7.27.

Same to same, 1 1/2 acres Silvercreek \$1.94

S. F. Evans to Jerry Toland, quit claim to 1 1/2 acres, Silvercreek, \$8.20.

Same to same, quit claim to lot 40 Boop's addition to Jamestown, \$18.08

Wood and Willow ware at

NOTICE.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to me will confer a great favor by calling and settling at once, either by cash or note,

J. P. BARR.

Powder and shot at W. R. McMillan.

Don't forget the Gypsy encampment at Gray's lawn Thursday evening.

The people of the village of Bowersville, where local option was carried a year or so ago, are all torn up over the opening of a saloon in that village. G. H. Dean applied to Auditor Baker for a license to start a saloon out there, but was refused on account of the local option having been voted on and prohibition carried. The citizens out there allege that Dean has opened a place notwithstanding this, and they last night procured his arrest in this city. He was taken before the Probate Court and gave bond until next Thursday when he will plead. The officers are now on the lookout for some alleged clerks that the people claim Dean had doing his work out there. The penalty of such violation of law is \$500 fine and imprisonment in jail. —Xenia Gazette.

The Commercial hotel, Xenia, has changed, Lou Dinger purchasing Messrs. Shodgrass and Likhart's interests.

W. H. Blair has purchased the Cedarville Herald. Mr. Blair will find his lot cast in a pleasant place. He will find also that the people of Cedarville and surrounding community take a personal interest in their home paper and that they are good payers. Very rarely will it be asked him, "how much is there in it for you?" and never will he find a subscriber stopping the paper because he suspects the editor is making too much. He will also discover that in dealing with Cedarville business men there is nothing "small" about them. They advertise right along, and when the bill is presented, pay it with a smile and tell you to come around next week and get a new ad. This is the way they used to do, and in glancing over the Herald we see nothing to indicate a change in their methods. The Cedarville people will find that Mr. Blair will do his part. —Jamestown Courier.

Chas. Nesbit, of Lima, spent the Fourth in Cedarville.

Rev Andrew had a valuable colt killed by lightning Monday night.

CHEAP MILLINERY.

Hats, Flowers and Ribbons below cost. Also trimmed Hats and Bonnets at half price.

BARBER & McMILLAN'S

A CONVICT'S REFORM.

It is Elected by the Recollection of His Mother's Words. Apropos of the movement to furnish books to the prisoners in Auburn jail a Norwegian lady, resident in Auburn, tells in her picturesque way an episode which occurred in Charleston, S. C., says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal. Years ago a mother took her five-year-old boy into prison when she went to see his father, committed for some trifling offense. The little fellow stepped into the adjacent cell, having over it the number 68. To tease him the warden shut the door, but quickly opened it at the little fellow's screams. His mother soothed him, saying: "Nobody shall ever shut my little boy up in a dark prison." Years passed. The boy's father and mother died. His uncle helped him and gave him money to get to New York. He fell in with bad company, squandered his money, and in sheer desperation attempted to commit burglary in his uncle's house. That relative was so enraged he handed over his nephew to the authorities. Looking at the number of his cell, to his horror he saw "68," and knew that it was the self-same cell that had inspired his boyish terror. When his mother's words came back: "Nobody shall ever shut my little boy in a dark cell," and he wept as he had not since her death, for he had loved that mother. The warden's wife had found him in a moiled condition. He told her his story and she gave him the utmost sympathy and kindness during his long term, shortened by his good behavior. As he left his cell and took a last look at those terrible numbers "68," he determined he would make a man of whom his mother should be proud. By his trade, learned in prison, he pursued an honest and lucrative trade, and his taste for literature, also formed by the warden, provided for leisure hours. Ten years afterward he called on the warden's wife, and she could hardly believe that it was he who had occupied "68."

FARMERS' ECONOMY.

Buy your Binder Twine and Engine Oils at the place where you can save money. I will send you Standard Binder Twine for 13c per lb., Russian Hemp Finished at 13c per lb. Extra Lard Machine oil for Binders and Reapers, at 40c per gal. Extra Castor machine oil for mowers, etc., for 35c per gal. The Twine and Oil I guarantee the best of satisfaction. A liberal discount will be given to large cash buyers. Be sure to investigate before buying elsewhere. Also I will save you from 10 to 20 per cent on General groceries. All goods that I sell, I guarantee to be as represented, or they are returnable. Competition defied.

JOHN F. NORCKANER,

THE LEADING CHEAP GROCER, 34 W. MAIN ST., XENIA, OHIO.

WHITE HOUSE CHERUBS.

A Few Amusing Stories of the President's Grandchildren.

Baby McKee has a Will of His Own and is Fond of Running Things to Suit Himself—Little Mary's Sweet Temper—Cousin Martha's.

The domestic life at the White House grows more and more interesting as the little people are from day to day developing, says the Washington Herald. Little Benjamin begins already to show a masculine individuality. A year ago he did as he was told; but original will, if not original sin, was strikingly exhibited the other day by him. Benjamin got up all right and was as good-natured as can be. During the morning a delegation appeared and Benjamin was taken down to help receive them. He passed around the room voluntarily and shook hands with every one, and was simply delightfully cordial and childishly charming. But it fatigued the little man, no doubt, for he afterward was irritable with those he loved best, just as older and wiser people are. By evening, however, he brightened up, and in the cool of the day, while the President and all the household were sitting on the front piazza enjoying the evening breezes, little Benjamin with the rest, the Attorney-General joined the group. After greetings from the older ones the President bade his namesake shake hands with Mr. Miller. Then little Benjamin put his hands behind him and looked from his head to his feet the personification of rebellion. "Will you shake hands with Mr. Miller?" said the President, coaxingly. "No, I won't," said Baby McKee. "Then you must go into the house. I can not have a little boy out here who is not polite." Benjamin went into the parlor, followed by his mortified mamma, and there he set up a howl that like Tennyson's bugle, "set the wild echoes flying." Mamma coaxed, nurse coaxed, and still this little man kicked and screamed, until he had vented his anger and indignation. Finally—for he kept peeping out and it looked so very nice outside, and his grandpa never relented on such a point—he could not hold out any longer, and suddenly became quiet, walked out, and shook hands with Mr. Miller, and then walked off to play with little Mary, as calm and serene as though he had not been making a "scene" and mortifying every body.

Not long since, one fine morning, Mrs. McKee bade the nurse take the children out on the grounds and let them run about and play in the grass. All went well for awhile. Benjamin and his sister could not make mind-pings, but they did heap up little piles of leaves and enjoy rolling about. Of course their little white dresses soon had the freshness taken out of them, and the White House children looked just like any child might under similar circumstances. Presently a group of tourists passed by on their way to the War Department. Among them were some ladies, one of whom espied the children. Addressing the nurse, she said: "Whose children are those?" "Mrs. McKee's, madam."

"Humph! you don't tell me! Well, I don't see that they look any better than other folks' children! Seems to me if I lived here I'd keep my children dressed up."

The nurse apologized for their commonplace appearance, and, gathering up the babies, went in to pour out her indignation, but she was met with shouts of laughter from Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee, who see the funny side of a situation as quickly as any body.

Little Mary McKee is beginning to rival Benjamin in the family affection, for she is fast learning from her brother all he knows, and developing on her own account besides. She is very docile, and will do a lot of pretty or "cute" things to please her friends. But her originality is so feminine it is worth mentioning. She likes to see herself arrayed in her pretty clothes, and she has a favorite hat (or bonnet)

Pittsburgh, Cin'ti & St. Louis Ry

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE.

Schedule in effect June 1, 1890.

Trains depart from Cedarville as follow

GOING WEST.

11:42 a. m. flag stop.

10:14 a. m.

5:29 p. m. flag stop.

8 a. m.

3:47 p. m.

GOING EAST.

10:14 a. m.

6:52 p. m.

The following trains stop on Sunday only.

10:14 a. m.

6:52 p. m.

Times given above is Central Time.

*Flag + Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

BANK OF CEDARVILLE

General Banking

Business Transacted.

Geo. W. Harper, Pres.

W. L. Clemans, Cashier.

which is so becoming, and which she likes so well that when it is once on she never wants to take it off. She would like to wear it to ride, to walk, to her meals, and to her bed. If mamma and nurse would let her! She had a little rivalry with Cousin Martha Harrison when she was visiting at the White House. One day nurse took the little maids with her to a store. To get what she wanted she had to ascend to the second floor with the babies on the elevator. They caught sight of themselves in the side mirrors. "Who is that?" said nurse to Martha, pointing to her image in the glass. Ignoring herself, she said: "Oh, that's Baby McKee." Almost every fine afternoon the nurse and children can be seen riding out to the Soldiers' Home or the shaded suburbs of the city.

A Pet Goose's Larcenies.

A family in Dover, N. J., who had long been missing valuables was amazed a day or two ago to find them in the secret nest of a pet goose. Among the articles which the bird had appropriated were two gold timbales, a tortoise-shell comb, scarf-pins, spoons of sewing silk, silver lace and a Waterbury watch. The goose had a trick of knocking at the door in quest of edible dainties, and on being admitted and petted would seek a sunny corner of the room and doze. When left alone it began its purloining operations. It was hiding the stolen time-piece with its other treasures when discovered.

Simbo Surprises a Missionary.

A native convert to Christianity in equatorial Africa recently asked a missionary the following question: "Which is more contrary to Christ's commandments, to go about naked according to the custom of our own race, or to go in debt for garments which make us hot and unhappy?" The answer of the missionary is not given, but probably it was in the line of a wise compromise of compromises as ever was.

Fish at Gray's.

Machine Oil, recommended by all well-drillers and persons using machinery, 25 cents per gallon at

Ren's.

J. E. Nagley, is now prepared to do all kinds of Cabinet work, also picture framing at very reasonable rates. Give him a call.

CHEAP AS DIRT.

We have a nice line of Factory tinware that we are almost giving away

CHORSE & BELL.

Try Basket Fied Japan tea at

W. R. McMillan's

VOL. 11.

THE

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